

MONTHLY RECORD

— OF THE —

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY



Vol. XXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 6.

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The Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my Executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the City of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of _____ dollars, to be applied to the use thereof.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry,

EDITED BY WM. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

VOL. XXXIV.

OCTOBER, 1890.

NO. 6.

OUR WANTS

are various still. We are always wanting something. The treasury of the house is never alarmingly full, and at times is distressingly low, our wardrobes are not bursting so with their weight of clothing as to worry us with the problem of how they are to be relieved. Our chief overplus is in children, and they have been crowding upon us in an unusual fashion all summer. For the greater part of the season we have been compelled to refuse admission to many, and some who were needy objects were turned away from us for lack of sufficient accommodations.

We have, with the children who come into our day school, a family of four hundred children and adults. What is needed to provide for so many can easily be conjectured by our readers, especially by those who have families to look after. Very grateful are we for the generous remembrances of us in the past, and we doubt not our good friends will still keep us in their thoughts and show by their deeds what they think. We do not feel that we are at all indulging in cant when we say that we believe we are doing the Lord's work, or that we are too confident in our knowledge of the divine mind, when we express the thought that the Lord will reward those who remember the children of the House of Industry.

(For the Record.)

LINES.

"The hearing ear and the seeing eye, the Lord hath made even both of them."—Proverbs 20 : 12.

I.

THE HEARING EAR.

I THANK my Maker for the hearing ear;
That curious tube that brings into the
heart

Kind words, and merry laughter, soft and
clear,

The eloquence of love, devoid of art :

The tinkling cymbals of the summer shower
Mingled, sometimes, with thunder's roll-
ing drum ;

And the wind's organ of such varied power,
Deep plaintive strains, and light notes
frolicsome :

The searching flute-like calls that make me
start,

And gaze up through the arches of the
trees

To find the oriole, while all my heart
Quivers with his melodious ecstasies.

And all the dear musicians of the wood,
Singing their carols to my grateful ear,
Each one a merry preacher, "God is good,"
The truth they dwell on, that I love to
hear !

And while in Nature's music I delight,
I pray that God's own voice may ever be
Heard in my inmost soul, to guide aright,
And tune my thoughts to heavenly har-
mony.

—Caroline May,

THE FAITH OF LITTLE HANS.

A FIERCE wind came sweeping around the corner of Pennsylvania avenue one morning in the winter '84; down the deserted street it rushed, whirling, the freshly-fallen snow into little light heaps, then scattering it madly in every direction. Against this storm a young woman was making what progress she could toward the post-office. A pair of dark eyes and a very pink nose were all that was visible above her wrappings. "I must hurry," she thought as she glanced up at the great clock; and in a few minutes she was at her desk in the Dead-letter office. Her work was to open and read all the letters whose destination could not be found from the envelope, and whose contents often reveal the desired address.

What a motley pile it was that lay before her. Here was one from a broken-hearted father begging a wayward son to come home, and telling him that his voice and smile alone could remove the gentle melancholy that had settled upon the dear old mother.

Here was another from some queer old gentleman full of the small-talk and scandal of his own village, and touching upon political scandal then rife in the city where his letter had found lodgment.

There were letters full of the vivacity of the school girl, letters full of the burning love of the college boy, letters whose prim upright hand and gossip nature suggested spinsterhood, letters to convulse you with laughter and letters that would give you the heartache. Yet, strange to say, not one of these eager correspondents had taken the pains to write the correct address on the envelope that contained so much that seemed to be of the greatest importance. Perhaps they were too much absorbed in what they had

said from their hearts to take thought for the formal writing on the outside. The young clerk had worked her way down through a large heap, and was beginning to think of lunch, when she came upon a peculiar little envelope, addressed in German to "Jesus in Heaven;" she tore it open hastily, and found a soiled sheet written all over in a child's cramped hand. Some of the words seemed blurred with tears, and she could scarcely make them out.

Here is the translation :

"DEAR JESUS :—I have prayed so hard to you, but I guess you could not hear me so far off, so I am going to write you a letter. We came over a big ocean when it was summer-time. My mamma has been sick all the time. Can't you send her something to make her well? And, dear Jesus, please send my papa some work to do, so he can buy us some warm clothes and something to eat, and please do it quick, for we are cold and hungry.

"Nobody knows I am writing to you. I thought you might send us something for a surprise.

HANS BRAHM.

"P. S.—My hands are so cold I can't write very well."

Katrina's eyes were filled with tears as she came to the end. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand; as she folded it, she resolved to do something to make the little boy happy. She said : "Whatever his parents may be, this beautiful child-faith must not be destroyed." That evening after dinner she told several of her friends about the matter, and they were eager to help her make up a box.

It was ready in a few days. There were some flannels for the mother and little Hans, comfortable clothes for the father, and toys enough to make the boy believe that the Christ Child did not live in Germany only. At the very top lay a crisp ten-dollar bill. As soon as the box left the house, Katrina wrote to Hans. She told him his letter had been received, and that Jesus had sent one of his servants on earth to help him, and that a nice box was on its way out West.

Not long after there came a letter of warm thanks from the father. He explained how they had been in the country but a few months, and had not yet found work.

As the weeks went by another and another letter came, telling of fairer prospects and brighter days. One thing they assured Katrina—"that they could never forget her kind letter and generous help in their time of saddest need."—*Elith Miller, in Harper's Young People.*

MAMMA—Now, Harold, you don't want to stay at Bertie Hobb's house until his mother has to send you home. There's no use in making them tired of you. Mrs. Hobb tells me she had to send you home last night. Now, you'll remember, won't you; Harold—Oh, yes. But say, mamma, when shall I come home? Mamma—Well, watch your time, and come just before she sends you.—*Tid Bits.*

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

CLAD in their night-gowns, clean and white,
The children come to say good-night;
Father, good-night, says Marjory,
Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kittie, Harry next—
And baby—till I feel perplexed,
Wishing the last good-night was said,
And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unawares;
I hear them call, when safe up-stairs,
As I sit down to read or write,
"Father, we want to say good-night!"

The book or pen is laid aside;
I find them lying open-eyed—
Five rosy rebels, girls and boys,
Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these?
Can charming ways and looks displease?

They hold and scarce will let me go,
And all because they love me so.

Then in a vision, suddenly
The future seems unveiled to me!
It is my turn, though all in vain,
To long to say good-night again.

I see the years stretch on and on,
The children all grown up and gone;
No chamber echoes to their tread,
The last good-night has long been said!

And by his fireside, desolate,
An old man sits, resigned to wait,
Recalling joys that used to be,
And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bliss is mine that now
I still can smooth each fair young brow!
And feel the arms that clasp me tight,
The lips that kiss the last good-night.

—*The Quiver.*

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

WE have, from time to time, told our readers of the encouragements we have with our children. The pay which comes to us from them is usually rich and so is delightful. We wish we could say as much concerning the women with whom we deal, but, alas! we cannot. A few seem to have some impressions made upon them but the majority do not. The soil seems to be so utterly worthless that no seeding will produce fruit, and we are discouraged. We are moved to this train of thought by the condition of one to whom we tried to be of service for nearly a score of years. We have repeatedly sheltered her, found her employment, and, indeed, done all in our power for her well being, only to be rewarded by constant lapses from the path of right. We doubt not she is honest when she thinks she means to live differently but she has no will power left that is strong enough to resist the temptation to strong drink. We gave her employment in the institution, hoping that she might be of service to us as well as helpful to herself, but on a plea of sickness and a desire for a rest for a few days she went out, and, as we feared, was soon in her old haunts, and getting drunk was arrested and sent to the work house for three months. A curse indeed is the terrible scourge of the appetite for strong drink.

YOU ARE INVITED

— TO A —

† SERVICE † OF † SONG †

BY THE CHILDREN



— AT THE —

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY

155 WORTH STREET,

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

AT 3.30 P. M.

Order of Service

SUNDAY, OCT. 26, 1890,

At 3.30 P.M.



Processional, - There's a Royal Banner

✻ DOXOLOGY ✻

✻ APOSTLES' + CREED ✻

SCRIPTURE SENTENCE AND RESPONSE.

Music by

THE HOME OF MY SAVIOUR, - - German Air

A LITTLE PILGRIM BAND ARE WE, - Donizetti

➤ LORD'S PRAYER ➤

SILENT NIGHT, - - - - - Hayden

BEAUTIFUL SUNBEAMS, - - - Verdi

Recitation of Sunday School Lesson.

LO, THE DAY OF REST DECLINETH - - Flotow

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE SERVICE:

Subject: THE EYE.

HARK, WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES, Rossini

➤ THE + COMMANDMENTS ➤

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US, - Root

MEMORIES OF GALILÉE, - - - - Palmer



➤* PRAYERS *➤

JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA, - *Parr*
WE LAY US CALMLY DOWN TO SLEEP, *Schumann*
SOMETIMES I CATCH SWEET GLIMPSES, *Claribel*
O FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE, - *Mendelssohn*
MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY, - *Leach*

COLLECTION.

Recessional, The Church's One Foundation



SERVICE OF SONG.

Our friends are cordially invited to enjoy the Service with us, which is held every Sunday afternoon at 3:30, lasting an hour. The singing will be led by Mr. S. N. Penfield, Organist.

After the Service the children go to the supper-table and visitors can see them there, and also have an opportunity to inspect the House.



TO REACH US, TAKE

Broadway street-cars to Worth St., 2 blocks west of us ; Second Ave. street-cars (Worth St. branch) pass the door : 2d or 3d Ave. Elevated R. R., or 3d Ave. street-cars to Chatham Square, 2 blocks east of us ; 4th Ave. street cars to Centre Street, 1-2 block west of us ; 6th, 7th, and 8th Ave's, and Broadway and University Place cars cross Worth Street 4 blocks west of us ; 6th Ave. Elevated R. R. has a station at Franklin Street, 4 blocks west and 2 north of us ; and we are 5 blocks north of City Hall, and also from the Brooklyn Bridge.



THE

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY,

155 WORTH ST., NEW YORK,

INCORPORATED IN 1854,

was established to shelter and provide for children whose parents are unable to care for them, or who are orphans. They are cleansed, clothed, fed and instructed until they can be provided for elsewhere. Many respectable men and women to-day are what they are because of the House of Industry.

During its existence more than FORTY THOUSAND have been in its school and over TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND have lived in the House.

It is supported largely by voluntary contributions. Donations of money, second-hand clothing, shoes, etc., will be gratefully received.

Service of Song by the children, Sunday, 3.30 to 4.30 P.M. ; Sunday-School, 2 to 3 P.M. ; Day-Schools 9 to 11.40 A.M., and 12.40 to 3 P.M., except Saturday ; at dinner-table, 12.10 to 12.40 P.M.

Visitors are cordially welcome at all times.

TRUSTEES.

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GEORGE F. BETTS, SECRETARY.

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OLIVER HARRIMAN, HENRY E. HAWLEY.

SUPERINTENDENT.

Wm. F. Barnard.

FOR SISTERS.

SOME years ago, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed, among the crowd, a party of young people; two or three pretty girls, and as many bright young men, all "waiting for the mail."

"O, dear!" said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently. "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

He smiled.

"I'll get one, surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awfully good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter, "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."

Gradually the other drifted away; but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and, rising, saw me.

"Good morning, Miss Williams," he said cordially; for he always had a pleasant word for us older people.

"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.

"My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And, unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes as, half apologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said quietly, "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doing."

And, as I looked at him, I felt strongly what a mighty power "Sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hands, like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

There is but one way, dear girls; begin at once, while there are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with everything. Let them feel that you love them. These great, honest boy-hearts are both tender and loyal, and if you stand by these lads now, while they are still neither boys nor men, while they are awkward and heedless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them, nothing hurts a lovingboy soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy-heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Have patience, girls—that gentle patience whose perfect work will surely win the smile of the Master who grants to all who do the Father's will that we should be his "sisters;" and for the sake of the great Elder Brother who dignified with his divine touch these earthly relationships, shall we not be more tender, more patient, more loving with these sensitive, great-hearted lads who call us "sister," and remember the wise man who said, "Shall the woman who guards not a brother be lightly trusted with husband or sons?"—*Congregationalist*.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside one heap a little lad
With serious eyes, and all intent
Upon his work, with patience had
Moulded a mound; and as I went
Past him, I wondered what it meant,
"A pie?" I asked. "A fort," he said.

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

Beside the other pile of sand
There sat a tiny gold-haired maid
She patted with her baby hand

The warm, white hillock; and I said
"That is a noble fort you've made,"
No, 'tis a pie!" she answered me.

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

We grown folk hardly understand
The happy fancies children have;
Busy amid the sea-beach sand
That is washed white by many a wave
The boy would be a patriot brave;
A housewife would his sister be!

Two little sand-heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

— *Harper's Young People.*

POTATOES AND APPLES

are articles that our children most heartily appreciate. We have had each year some generous friends who have sent us gifts of both and we were very grateful. We know that apples are scarce this year and for that reason suppose we must be content with very little of the fruit. We trust, however, that the same is not true of the tubers, for we are more in need of the vegetable, and our children can easily dispose of a barrel at a meal. Perhaps this will fall under the eye of some of our friends in the country who can just as well as not send us a barrel or less, and who may be prompted so to do by the knowledge that they will be so very acceptable.

Send them along, good friends, and have the satisfaction of knowing that the good they will do will be well worth your trouble and expense.

CARL AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

LITTLE CARL was a Swiss boy. In looking at him you might have noticed that he wore neither shoes nor stockings, and that his clothes were ragged and dirty. I admit that he would have been improved in appearance had he had clean clothes, as you have, and a clean face and hands. But you may not have the same excuse for your appearance as he had for his. He had neither father nor mother to do anything for him and he was very poor. He lived with his old grandmother among the great Swiss mountains.

The sky looked very black and lowering one day as Carl and granny went up along the side of the mountain to milk the cows and goats. This flock had been put in their care, and they were paid to live up there during the

summer and take care of them. There was a broad, green pasture among the mountains where the flock was kept, and granny, with Carl, lived in a chalet near. A chalet is not much more than a little hut in which the poor people live. There are hundreds of them among the mountains.

At the time of which I am telling you—for this is a true story—Carl stood looking away off to the north, when he said suddenly: “Granny, granny, come in quick! Don’t go out and milk the cows and goats yet: I hear such a queer sound.”

But old granny was deaf; she did not hear the noise, and she started to go out to her evening work. Carl ran to her, and catching her by the arm, pulled her back into the house. He was not a moment too soon. A noise like heavy thunder was heard above them; even granny, who was so very deaf, heard it, and fell down in terror. “It is a slide from the mountain!” she cried. “O my boy, my Carl, we are lost!” They both knelt together to pray God to help them.

The rumbling, and crashing, and roaring kept on for hours. It seemed to them as if the very mountain was splitting open. Sometimes they would scream out in fear lest the ground should be taken from under their feet, and then again their voices would join in prayer, or in trying feebly to sing one of the Psalms, as they had been taught to do.

“The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer, my God in whom I will trust,” rung out the clear voice of little Carl.

All night the fierce tempest continued. Toward morning the sound seemed more distant. They tried to open the door to look out, but a great rock had fallen near. Then they tried the little window. Carl could just creep out. Everything around was changed; the ground was full of broken pieces of rock, torn-up trees, and blocks of ice. The few acres around the chalet had not been carried away, but all else was a scene of desolation.

Now came the test of Carl’s love to his grandmother. He might, perhaps, by creeping and crawling and climbing, find his way out and down the mountain, but granny could not. She clung to him and begged him not to leave her, for she was so old and helpless. He gave up trying to save himself, and determined to stay by her. “She has done so much for me,” said he, “it would be wicked for me to leave her now.” Then turning to her he said: “I will not leave you, granny; do not be afraid. We must trust in God.”

“Yes, we must trust in God; he can help us,” she said.

I might tell you of the weary hours they spent, and of their terrible anxiety, if I had the time, but I have not. I must hurry on to what happened the next day.

Some of the guides, who can find their way all over the great Swiss mountains, knew where granny and Carl lived, and went up to help them. They succeeded in finding them, and carried them down with great rejoicing, and gave them a home with their old neighbors in the valley below. How glad and thankful they felt that they had been so wonderfully preserved, and finally rescued from their dangerous situation!

“Bless the Lord, O my soul!” cried granny, as she knelt down to prayer.

“And forget not all his benefits!” added little Carl.—*The Child’s Paper.*

MONTHLY RECORD OF THE FROM MY WINDOW.

GRASSES creeping,
Flower-spangled;
Rocks a-sleeping;
Vine-entangled;
Brooklets purling;
Ferns uncurling,
Tree-tops sighing,
Breezes dying;

Cloudlets shifting,
Insects humming,
Petals drifting,
Fragrance coming;

Dew a-glitter,
Birds a-twitter;—
Shine and azure
Without measure.

World, so gray and olden,
Thou art new and olden !
Of all bloom and bliss
For thine adorning,
Nothing dost thou miss
This spring-time morning!

—*Emilie Poulsson, in St Nicholas.*

ALL NATIONALITIES

are welcomed within our walls provided they are in need of our care. We frequently have nine representative members of the principal races of the globe. It is rare that our cosmopolitan composition displeases any of our friends, but occasionally we have a visitor who does not approve. The other day we had a lady, whose home is in the South, go through our building. Catching sight, as she supposed, of a black faced child, she exclaimed, "Do you have niggers here?" and when assured that we do, she said she was not accustomed to see "niggers" mixed with white children. Of the contrary opinion was an English visitor who is used to the ragged-school work of London, and who was pleased to see that we were not respecters of race. We have for years received colored children and have not yet seen any ill effects in their pale-faced companions on that account. We fancy that the same God is Lord over all, and that if we are truly doing His will we ought not to discriminate because of color or race when the helpless child is brought to us, and that in the day when He makes up His jewels the soul will be the subject of the test for admission to heaven rather than the skin.

A SERIOUS NURSERY QUARREL.—Tom—"We've got a bay window in our house." Bessie—"So have we. And a balcony." Tom—"Pooh! That's nothing. We have two bath-rooms." Bessie—"So have we." Tom—"We've got something your folks haven't. I heard 'papa tell mamma about it last night." Bessie—"I'll bet we've got some of 'em, too. What is it?" Tom—"A defective flue."—*Philadelphia Call.*

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

It was Saturday night, and two children
small

Sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed.
To learn for Sunday the forgotten text;
Only three words on a gilded card,
But both the children declared it hard.

" 'Love' that is easy—it means, why this" —
(A warm embrace and a loving kiss)
" But 'one another' I don't see how
Is meant by 'another'—now, May, do you?"

Very grandly she raised her head,
Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
As she fondly smiled on the little brother,
" Why, I am only one, and you are another,
And this is the meaning—don't you see?—
That I must love you, and you must love
me."

Wise little preacher, could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page?

—Good Cheer

 REMINISCENCES.

A FRIEND, who for many years labored here at the Five Points, called on us recently and was indulging in reminiscences of the Five Points of thirty years ago. Both he and the writer recalled the old rookeries which have since given way to the large warehouses now standing hereabouts, and he told of some of the many scenes of violence and crime which he had witnessed.

Those were the days of drunken revelings and riotous revolt, the times when for a stranger to pass through here was an act of bravery, hardly understood now by the peaceful crowd of wage-workers, who pass and repass each day through the Five Points, whom no one molests or makes afraid. Cow-Bay, Jacob's, Ladder, and Old Brewery were the resorts of men and women of the vilest character, and adults and children were packed together in promiscuous lodgings and with shameless intimacy. Murder and crime of all sorts were common occurrences.

In a sermon preached two years ago by the friend referred to, (the Rev. J. N. Shaffer) he says :

There are places and conditions in this world in perfect contrast with the heavenly place in which the people of God often sit in sweetest and purest fellowship.

Come with me. I will show you. We are in the Five Points of the City of New York, as that neighborhood was known twenty-five years ago. It is about midnight. It would not be safe for you to go alone. Here they all know me as a man holding a responsible position in the locality, backed by the city authorities.

I was for thirteen consecutive years Superintendent of the Ladies' Home Mission in the Five Points.

We descend a few steps from the sidewalk and are in a dark and narrow entry, not more than one hundred feet from the door of the parsonage.

I open a side door and enter what is known as a dive. Come in. There, on one side, you see three middle-aged women sitting on a sort of bench, which also does service as a table; all of them are drunk. Under that bench is another woman lying on the dirty floor. She is suffering the greatest possible torture. I ask what ails the woman? One of the women on the bench answers, "She has got the horrors and we are holding her down." The poor creature is raving in delirium tremens. In the middle of the room a couple are trying to dance; the man is endeavoring to hold his companion steady; she is too drunk to dance without such help. In one corner are three or four old sailors, shuffling a pack of filthy cards. Alternately they sing snatches of a fore-castle song, and swear at each other. They were drunk enough to be hilarious and ready for a fight upon the slightest provocation. At a little distance from these you see a pale young girl, of not more than fifteen years. She is not yet fully hardened in sin. She seems utterly miserable. I say to her, I am sorry to see you here, and she begins to weep. But see, there comes a woman, the presiding genius of this horrid den. She comes from a dark corner of the room. She holds in her hand a dirty tumbler, partly filled with whisky. In a half threatening, half coaxing tone she says, now stop that crying and drink this and you will feel better. And she takes and drinks it.

By this time you are almost suffocated by the foul air of the place; but by the dim light of the smoky lamp on the shelf, you look over the scene a moment. A shriek! and a moan such as you never heard before. It makes you tremble. It is from the dying woman under the bench. The next morning she still lies there; precisely where you saw her; but she is dead, and is soon carted off to Potter's field. On coming out stand still a moment to get your breath, and ask yourself where you have been. Think a moment; you have been standing at the gate of perdition. This gate opens into hell; and near it the breathing is an inspiration of total, unmitigated depravity.

Don't deem this a fancy sketch. It is terribly real. In the discharge of my duties in that locality I have witnessed more horrible things than I have ever ventured to describe. There are phases of humanity wholly under the sway of Satan and sin that are not to be described in a place like this. But these things show in miniature what would be witnessed, essentially, all over the earth were it not for the light that Christ sheds by his word and spirit upon his people, and through them upon the world in which we live.

But, even the overmastering darkness and infamy of the Five Points have been penetrated by this light of the World. The whole neighborhood has been so changed by the power and brightness of this light, by the true, enlightened zeal of His people, that the bad pre-eminence of the place has passed away. The place now, if not in paradise, is no more a pandemonium. Poor people still congregate near because rents are low. Many in the neighborhood have been converted and are worthy members of different churches, and not a few were brought in during my pastorate among them. The work among the children is incalculable for good. It is reasonable to hope that the whole region will wake up fully to this light of life that has been shining upon them for so many years. The church of Christ is the light of the world; and let him that heareth understand.

THE LAST GOOD-BY.

How shall we know it is the last good-by?

The skies will not be darkened in that hour,

No sudden blight will fall on leaf or flower

No single bird will hush its careless cry,

And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh

Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears

In your deareyes will answer to my fears;

But there will come no voice of prophecy—

No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,

Space for last words last kisses, and last prayer,

For all the wild, unmitigated pain

Of those who parting, clasp hands with despair."

"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain :

Would any choose to part thus unaware ?

—*Louis C. Moulton.*

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

for the future of our children often presses upon us with peculiar force. We refer more particularly to the fatherless and motherless ones of our family. We often look at them and think of the natural relationship we necessarily hold toward them. The same feeling that a parent has for his own home brood must prevail if we are conscientious in the discharge of our duties toward our orphaned proteges, and it is a peculiarly trying position at times, and we find our heart troubled lest we make mistakes. The statement that such friendless ones draw very heavily upon our vitality will hardly be understood by many, and perhaps be thought extravagant by others, but such is really the fact.

During our administration of more than twenty years we have seen many of our children grow to manhood and womanhood. With anxiety we have watched the opening of the bud into the flower, fearing lest a blight should mar the fruitage. Knowing the short-comings of parents, some of whom have died after having led miserable lives, we have dreaded lest the sins of the fathers had left the tendencies to crime or low life in the children. In our talks with these growing ones we have often said to them that we had rather lay them quietly away in our lot in beautiful Greenwood Cemetery than know they had become victims of intemperance, and we have tried our best to impress upon them the difficulty there is in trying to regain a lost character.

Some have been the burden of our thoughts the last thing at night and the first in the morning, until we have come to know the probable feeling of St. Paul when he exclaimed to his Corinthians, "And who is sufficient for these things." We have commended them "to God and to the word of his grace" often,

and perhaps we are needlessly anxious for the future, but we cannot refrain from the thinking.

We commend these objects of our solicitude to the prayers as well as the sympathy of our friends, and desire for them the blessing of Him who when he blesseth leaves no sorrow there-with.

"OUR JENNY."

A TRAVELER on one of the great railway trunk lines last summer, observed a young woman, who sat near him, rise to leave the train, when it stopped at a large town. The conductor and brakeman hurried to help her from the car, and when she stood on the platform every trainman and employee present, from the station-master to the black porter, welcomed her with a smile and lifted hat.

The traveler, struck by the marked respect, and even affection in their manner, looked closely at the girl as the train rolled by. She was very young was plainly dressed; she was slightly lame; but she had a homely, sweet, womanly face.

"Who is that?" he asked the brakeman. "The daughter of some railway official?"

"That?" said the man, with kindling face. "That is our Jenny."

"Our Jenny's" story, as told to the traveler, was briefly this: She was the daughter of an officer of the road. She had been an invalid from birth. On the journeys which she was compelled to make on the trains, the men in charge, touched with pity, were very kind and gentle to the weak and crippled child. It was her one contact with the outer world, and their kindness filled her heart with gratitude to them.

A few years ago she recovered almost entirely from the disease which had so long made her helpless in a sudden and unexpected way. She believed the improvement to be by God's special interposition in her favor, and vowed to give her life to his service.

It was natural that she should think of her friends, the trainmen, and try to bring them to him. She gave them books, visited their wives, knew every child and baby, and taught them to love her.

She did what she could to help each man to more comfort and happiness in the world; she persuaded many of those who were acquiring bad habits to give up liquor, and, at last, she prayed with them, gathered them into little meetings and preached to them.

"She is like a pure, holy child;" said one, with tears in his eyes. "She speaks for Jesus as no preacher ever has done for me."

Her work extended year after year. So remarkable and helpful was her influence that the directors of several of the Southern roads gave her a perpetual free pass over their lines. She gave up her whole life to the service of the trainmen and their families. The result proved what can be accomplished by one person without high mental gifts who is wholly in earnest in her work.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Out in the orchard dwell wee little fairies,
 Busy with bud and with blossom at last
 See how they work with their palettes and
 brushes,
 Tinting the apple-trees brightly and fast.

Pink and white blossoms, so dainty and fra-
 grant,
 Laden with promise, of good things to
 come,
 Softly the breezes are stealing their perfume
 While o'er their beauty the busy bees hum.
 Fair are the treasures which come with the
 spring-time,

Fields full of daisies, and grasses so green
 Sweet are the zephyrs from rose gardens
 blowing,
 Lovely the earth in the sun's golden sheen.

But out in the orchard amid the white blos-
 soms,
 The pink and white blossoms that garland
 the trees,

We find the best charm of the beautiful
 spring-time,
 And welcome the touch of the sweet,
 scented breeze.

—Harpers' Young People.

A FREE EXCURSION TO THE ITALIANS OF THE FIVE POINTS.

We alluded last month, to the fact that kind friends had provided for our proteges funds for fresh air excursions, and the annexed is an account of one we gave to the people of this vicinity :

Some noble, large-hearted christian gentleman, donated a certain amount of money to Mr. Wm. F. Barnard, Superintendent of the Five Points House of Industry, to spend for fresh air. And he kindly asked the pastor of the Italian Evangelical Church to organize an excursion so that these people, who seldom have a chance to breathe fresh air, may spend a day out in the country.

The day set apart for this ever memorable excursion was Sept. 2nd. After three hours' sail up the beautiful Hudson River, we landed at Washington Park, where the people remained for four hours, enjoying the charming landscape before them, and breathing the pure invigorating air of that region.

When we say that all enjoyed themselves in the highest sense of the word, we fall far short from expressing the real truth. By *actual count* we had a company of 830 people, one-half of which were children. There was 53 babies in arms, nearly all of these babies looked so wasted and so languid, some were so weak that they had not even strength enough to cry. Poor things, they seem to pine away for the want of pure air. But we had not been under way for more than an hour when there was a great rally among the babies, and then did they make it lively for a time ! We had a band on board, but it could not compete with the music of the babies ; but soon there was a marked change in the state of affairs. The air, so soothing it was, put the babies into a sweet repose.

Any one acquainted with the mystery of babyhood, and with patience enough to watch them, would have seen from the motions of their lips that they were perfectly happy and dreaming of their dinner.

The most interesting part of the crowd in coming back were the babies, so playful and so full of new life. There was sport enough on board and on land for the boys and girls to last a lifetime.

We had races for the boys, giving the victor a gold medal as a reward ; a donky party for the girls, with the same reward for the one who could put the tail where the tail ought to be. Some of the boys, so soon as they landed, although lunch was ready, would have a bath, and so, regardless of everything, made a rush for the water. Judging from the appearance of some of them, one would think that they never had a bath since they were born. The girls made for the woods, picking wild flowers, small branches of trees and grass, for everything interested them, everything was *new*, hence of very great interest. As we returned we were forcibly reminded of the Saviour's entry into Jerusalem. All the people carried something home, either small branches of trees, wild flowers, or some kind of grass. All were happy, all praised the Protestants for giving them so much *real pleasure* for nothing.

The children were all provided with a free lunch of milk, sandwiches and cakes, the provision was so plentiful that all were fully satisfied.

The Italians of the Five Points will keep the memory of this free excursion as something very precious, and not only will they be grateful to those who have thus made them to rejoice ; but bear in their hearts good feeling and good wishes.

ANTONIO ARRIGHI.

Pastor of the Italian Evangelical Church.

REALIZING HIGH AMBITIONS.

BENJAMIN WEST the great painter, was the son of a poor Pennsylvania Quaker, who had eight other children. When he was seven years old he drew the portrait of one of his sisters that sent the rather large family into ecstasies, and he got all the encouragement that the limited means of the elder West would permit. Hairs from a cat's tail composed his brushes, and the indigo bag of his mother's kitchen gave him his paint for his school-day experiments.

It is related of him that, before he was in his teens, he was out riding with another boy of about his own age, when talking each of the future, the other lad said that he expected to be a tailor. "What !" exclaimed little West "a tailor? Then you can ride alone. As for me, I mean to be a painter, and the companion of kings and emperors. I am not willing to ride with any boy who is only going to be a tailor."

This aristocratic element in the youth's nature held its own, until in later years he had indeed elbowed royalty, been recognized in the great world of art, and stood foremost among the painters of his day. Then, softened and idealized by that best of all teachers, experience, there was nowhere in the world a more devoted democrat, for he came to learn, as all honest men learn, that true manhood—the manhood which can adorn a tailor's bench as much as it can become a throne—outreaches far all other earthly things.

—*Young Hearts.*

"LITTLE SUSY'S SIX TEACHERS."

"Susy, you were a very good girl at church this morning."

"How could I be naughty, mamma?"

"O! in a great many ways. One child could disturb fifty people."

"What could it do?"

"It could keep getting up and down on its seat. It could keep asking if service was almost done. It could turn over the leaves of the hymn-book and rattle them. It could gape, and yawn, and fidget. Or it might turn round and look right into peoples' faces in a rude way."

Susy had seen children do all these things. Mr. Ought whispered that she had done some of them herself.

"Mamma," said she, "it is hard to sit still."

"I know it is, and that is one reason why it is good for you to go to church. You know you must sit still, and try to learn to do it. An it is well to learn to do hard things."

"What for do little children go to church?" asked Susy. "They don't know what the minister says."

"No, I know they don't understand much. But there are a good many reasons why they should go to church, even then. I cannot explain them all to such a little girl as you are. But one reason is this. If they always go when they are children, they will be likely to go when they are grown up. Besides, nobody goes just to hear what the minister says. We go to worship God. Even little Susy can please and honor him by just sitting still in his house, and making no noise. And some of the blessing he has for the grown people he showers down on the little ones who are brought there to get it."

Susy smiled.

"I'll sit still, and maybe he'll shower some on me," said she.

"You needn't say maybe," said Faith "You may say, he certainly will."

—Mrs. Prentiss.

IT WAS PUT IN THE PAPER.

A FRIEND writing from Boston relates the following anecdote, told her by a head master of one of the schools in that city, as illustrative of the hold that a well-known daily paper has upon the popular mind :

"The recitation was in ancient history. The pupil was expatiating upon the topic of the Olympic games. 'A great many people went to see them,' she said, 'because it was put in the paper when they were coming off.

'The paper!' exclaimed the teacher. 'Did they have newspapers in those days?' 'Why, yes,' was the reply, 'it says so in the book, anyway, it says the 'Herald proclaimed them.'"

FANNIE is a little girl who has a big wax doll as a companion. A few days ago a new sister came to her house, and after a few days, she went over to a neighbor's. "Well, Fannie, said the lady, "where's your wax doll?" "Oh," she answered, turning up her nose, "I don't have nothin' to do with wax babies any more. We've got a meat baby at our house now, and that takes up all my time.

LOOKING BEYOND.

FOR us, . . . whatever's undergone
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won !
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here [clear ;
That Heaven's new wine might show more
I praise thee while my days go on.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Money Received for Record, from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1890.

Lizzie Reilly, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.,.....\$ 1 00 | Mrs. W. Dunton.....\$ 1 00

Money Received from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1890.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"The Lord loveth the cheerful a giver."

Miss S. A. Knight, Bellefontaine, O....\$ 5 00	Miss Esther R. Holmes, Monson, Mass.\$ 5 00
G. C. Blanke.....25 00	Mrs. Capt. B. K. Roberts, Fort Canby,
Only a very little.....1 00	Wash.....4 00
Little Rita Hamersley.....15 00	Mrs. Mary Smith, Bayville, N. Y.,.....1 00
Mrs. I. Abbatt.....1 00	Baptist Church S. S., Covert, N. Y....5 25
Mrs. W. H. Munn.....10 00	Sunday Collections.....61 08
Mrs. N. M. Field, Monson, Mass.,.....10 00	

Donations of Food, Clothing, Etc., from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1890.

Aitken, J. M., Brooklyn,.....pkg. clothing	Knott, Mrs. J. C.....pkg. clothing
Ayres, Mrs. Elijah, Amherst, Mass.,	Ladies of Reformed Church of Kat-baan, N.
bbl. clothing shoes and hats	Y., thro Mrs. C. C. Sebring, bbl. clothing,
Bigelow, A. J.....box. clothing	quilts etc
Bingham, Mrs. W. F.,	Lockwood, Mrs. V. Leroy, Bloomfield, N.J.,
box. and pkg. clothing and hats	trunk, and box clothing, saoes, hats, etc.
Cox, Harry E., Brooklyn, 13 new shirts, 36	No name.....bbl. clothing and shoes
pairs new socks, 8 bxs. new neck-ties, lot	No name.....pkg. clothing
of hats, etc.	No name, Morristown, N. J.,
Cushman, O. L., 385 Fourth Ave.,	pkg. shoes and stockings
2 bbls. bread	No name, Passaic, N. J.,.....pkg. clothing
Davey, Alice and Annie, Delaware Gap, N.J.	Olmsted, C. L., Utica, N. Y.,
lot of flowers	clothing, shoes, thread, pins, etc.
de Coppet, P.....pkg. clothing and shoes	Page, B. B.....2 bbls. cabbage
Farrington, D., Brooklyn.....pkg. clothing	Rohda, Miss M. A....21 yards new gingham
Flieschmann's Vienna Bakery,	Sample, Robert.....pkg. clothing
140 loaves bread	Schaus, William.....6 rolls worsted goods
Flower Mission.....flowers	Tousey, Mrs. P.....pkg. clothing
Freifeld, B.....lot of clothing	Well's, Mrs. J. Chester, Hackensack, N. J.,
Friend.....pkg. clothing and shoes	box. clothing, and shoes
Friend.....girl's cloak	White, Frank C.,
Friend, Brooklyn, E. D.....pkg. clothing	3 bkts. rolls and crullers, 7 custard aies

Objects of the Institution.

THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY was founded in 1850, by the Rev. L. M. Pease, with the design of providing shelter and employment for the poor at the Five Points. It was incorporated in 1854.

At first its labors were among the adult population, furnishing work and a home to such of the wretched women as really desired to abandon their lives of guilt. There were soon added to it the features of a day-school and asylum for the shelter of children.

From a little household of thirty to forty women in 1850 the HOUSE OF INDUSTRY has grown to its present proportions, little by little, as a necessity for its enlargement has seemed to demand, until, at the present time, there are gathered under its roof more than FOUR HUNDRED adults and children daily.

It receives women who desire situations as servants, giving them shelter until employment is found, they, meanwhile, doing the work of the Institution.

It provides a temporary home for children who are orphans or whose parents are unable to care for them.

It offers a cheap boarding place for the children of such as are able to partially support their children but who must break up their home, living at service, to earn the money to pay their way.

It admits children whose parents are sick and must go to hospital, and keeps such until the patients have recovered.

It offers the advantages of the day-school to all the children of the neighborhood, and gives such as are needy food and clothing.

It maintains, in a building newly erected for the purpose, an Infirmary and Free Dispensary for the benefit of children and adults at the Five Points.

The average cost of maintaining the Institution is about ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS per day, and for this sum the House is partly dependent upon voluntary contributions.

During its existence more than FORTY THOUSAND children have been in its school, and there have been over TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND inmates.

Donations of money, second-hand clothing and shoes will be gratefully received.

Visitors are welcomed on any day.

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